

SUNDAY ADVERTISER

RODERICK O. MATHESON

EDITOR

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Is the End of War in Sight?

W. T. Stead, in Review of Reviews.

This may seem an absurd question in view of the revival of the naval scare by Mr. Balfour, and the determination of Austria to set to work to construct a fleet of Dreadnoughts. But the continuous increase in the cost of preparing for war and the increasing certainty that any future war will entail the financial ruin of the victor as well as the vanquished revive the hope so vigorously expressed by Mr. Bloch in his famous treatise, "Is war any longer possible?" The figures quoted elsewhere from Mr. Crammond's admirable article in the Quarterly Review show that if the British Empire were to go into a great war, the cost of that method of appealing to the Supreme Court of Nations would, even if victorious, not be less than five hundred millions sterling, while if the decision of Mars went against us, it might cost us three times that amount. Such figures give one furiously to think. What it means is that we are bound over to keep the peace in bonds of five hundred millions sterling at the least. What is true of us is more or less true of every other nation in proportion to the extent of its trade and the efforts which it could put forth in a supreme struggle. We ask ourselves whether any conceivable cause of quarrel, whether any conceivable interest would be worth such sacrifices? Of course, if any other Power were to attempt to reduce us to servitude or to destroy our independence we should have no option but to face the expenditure. But what possible gain could justify any other Power incurring such enormous liabilities? A Supreme Court of Appeal in which the costs that must be paid even by the successful litigant exceed the value of the subject-matter of the dispute stands self-condemned. However reluctant we may be to abandon the age-long method of settling quarrels by fighting them out, the cost of such a mode of procedure is practically prohibitive.

Uncle Sam's Pension Bill

World's Work.

In a time of profound civil peace, full half a century after its existence was last threatened, the United States government is laying upon every man, woman and child in the land a tax of two dollars a year to pay military pensions. It is handing over to a particular class (consisting of a million men and women once for a short time directly or indirectly connected with the army) a sum which would in one year pay the expenses of the entire military and naval establishments of Japan for three years and a half; which, another year, would support the whole British navy—the largest in the world; which, another year, would buy the Argentine wheat crop and leave enough money to pay, the next year, the bills of the German army—the biggest in the world; which, another year would pay the sum total of the cost of the government of Belgium—the most patriarchal in the world.

Three-fourths of those who survived the Civil War are now dead. Yet the pensions on account of the war go on increasing.

How It Feels to Fly

Grahame White, in Pearson's.

Many people have an idea that flying can never become general on account of the weak heads of our generation—I mean, because so very many of us grow giddy when looking down from great heights.

But it is a very strange thing that a man may suffer from giddiness when looking from a church tower, but will have no such feeling when moving through the air at a height. In the ordinary way, I can not bear to look over the edge of a high cliff, as I grow giddy at once.

I am often asked what it feels like to fly. To this I answer that it is almost like sailing on board ship, and it is very much like sitting on a lump of jelly.

No special nerve is called for. The common idea that a man who can fly is doing something most marvellous is all a mistake.

PLUCK WINS.

Pluck wins! It always wins! though days be slow
And nights be dark 'twixt days that come and go.
Still pluck will win; its average is sure;
He gains the prize who will the most endure;
Who faces issues; he who never shirks;
Who waits and watches, and who always works.
—From the Book, "Heart Throbs," National.

"Since bein' in the city," the Billville man wrote to the home folks, "I have been hit by three automobiles, and if my lawyer tells me true, I'll get enough money in damages to fetch the whole family for a good long stay, an' ef the balance of you kin continue to git run over we'll be able to buy a big farm an' live happy ever afterward."—Atlanta Constitution.

"My son," remarked the stern parent, "when I was your age I had very little time for frivolous diversions." "Well," replied the young man, "you didn't miss much. Believe me, this gay life isn't what it looks to be."—Washington Star.

Small Talks

J. A. GILMAN—Stamp on it, just as hard as you like.

JACK DOYLE—I suppose Colonel Knox will be in line for a deputy clerkship under Mr. Cottrill.

CAPTAIN BERGER—Vat is der proper national anthem to play for dis man, Cottrill? It ist nicht in mein buch.

MAYOR FERN—I know I was elected, all right, but it's nice to have three supreme court justices properly certify to it.

D. L. CONKLING—Non people are getting awfully finicky over this pure food ordinance. What if there are maggots in the steaks? Don't they get cooked before they're eaten?

PALAMA RATH—We can distribute about four hundred Mahabli Christmas Tree tickets without giving one to a child that will not need the little bit of Christmas the tree will afford.

R. W. BRECKONS—Come and live next door to me for a few years. That was what Van Devanter did, and he is now an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States.

PROFESSOR DONAGHIO—The planet Mercury is plainly visible now in the western sky a little above the horizon. It comes into view about 4 1/2 o'clock and can be observed plainly for fifteen or twenty minutes.

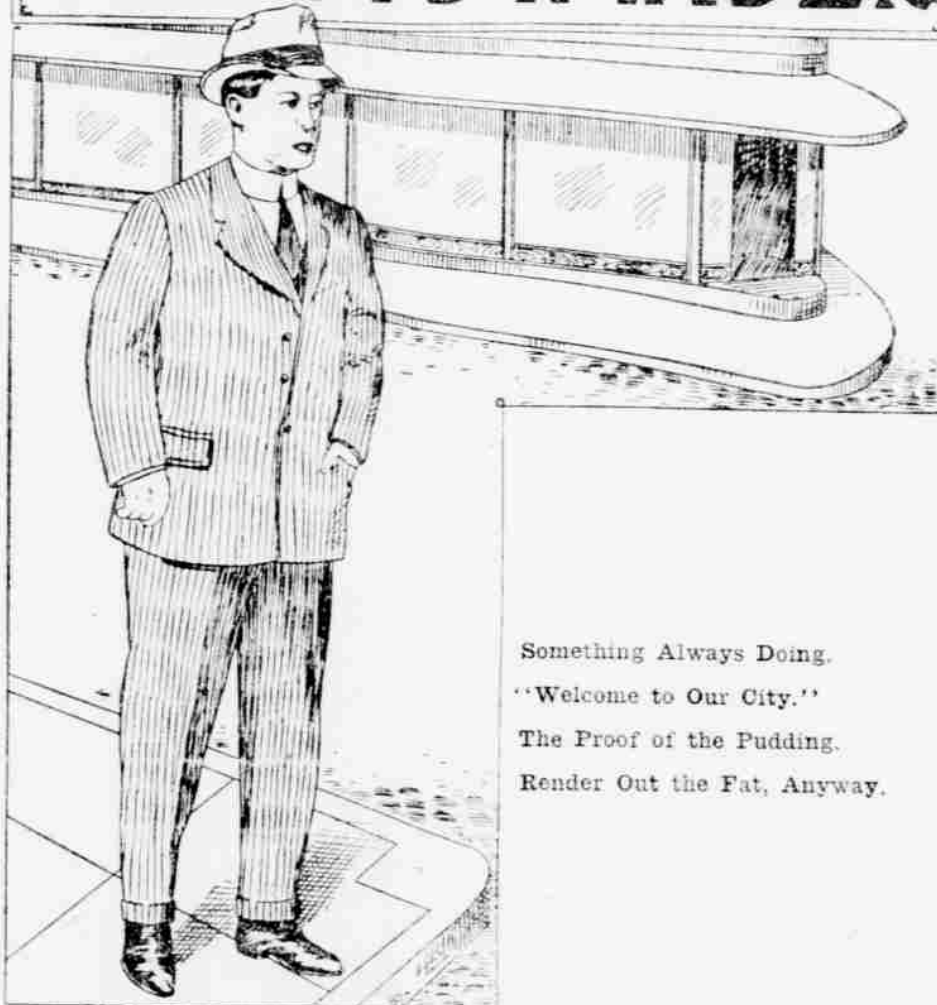
SUPERVISOR AYLETT—Now, I can get my time for twenty-five cents a plate. If the Food Protection ordinance had passed it might have cost me thirty cents. Better kill an ordinance than starve the flies to death.

COLONEL SCHUYLER—My departure from Honolulu has been announced two or three times. I suppose like the man whose obituary has been printed, but is not dead, I might report that a birth notice be published just because I'm here again.

E. D. TENNEY—It is noticeable that when the army people want big appropriations there is talk of a war with some country. A while ago when appropriations were being asked there was a German war scare. I think about the time General MacArthur was here. Now, when more appropriations are wanted, there is a Japanese war scare.

H. E. WALKER—What would I do if the Japanese warships were to bombard the town? Why I would just host the British flag over my rice mill, take a telescope and beat it to the top of Punchbowl, and score the hits, \$10,000 for a hit, \$5000 for an over, and \$1000 for a shot through my smokestack, and I don't see how those Japs could get out of paying it either with that flag flying, let them shoot.

THE BYSTANDER



Something Always Doing.

"Welcome to Our City."

The Proof of the Pudding.

Render Out the Fat, Anyway.

Along with my fellow Honoluluans I have had a perfectly grand time the past week. There has been something doing every day. I could pay my money and take my choice of nine different shows, including a circus, or I could go to the Judiciary Building and listen to either of two courts, in both of which a continuous performance was under way. In one, the attorney-general, seconded by Lorin Andrews, was engaged in a catch-as-catch-can with Cathcart, for whom Milverton held the bottle. As preliminaries, Carlos and other offenders came on. In the other court, George A. Davis wove Fourth of July oratory to prove that Job Batchelor and Joe Fern had performed a sleight-of-hand gold-brick operation on poor, unsuspecting John Lane. In the police court I might have watched Claudius McBride weep on the shoulder of one departing Chinese client, whom business called to the Coast, while he shook hands with another Chinese client, whose bank account will not have to be garnished. These were free shows.

If I had not wanted to go so far from my office, I might have dropped in on the supervisor matinee and listened to Jack Atkinson explain to Mayor Fern that fishmarket flies had inalienable rights that must not be trampled on, while Eddie Douthitt informed Supervisor Aylett that whatever might be said to the contrary, it was an incontrovertible fact, logically, chronologically and emphatically to be demonstrated, that there were no flies on him, consequently the silly ordinance intended to give Honolulu clean victuals had no place in the city ordinance book.

Or I might have traveled around with Keefe, into federation of labor, planters' association and other like gatherings, hearing his praise of Royal D. Mead's work in Mindanao, his gratification at the wage scale and his surprise at the price of calico at the plantation stores.

There was plenty doing all along the line, from Japanese war scare to the paving of Fort street.

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So it is Cottrill after all. The Bystander does not want to be nasty about it, but can not resist an "I-told-you-so" on this happy occasion. In this case, what is sauce for the Toledo duck is certainly not sauce for the Honolulu Drake, and the reason thereof is that the Toledo politicians knew what they wanted and went after it, while the Honolulu politicians only knew that they didn't want what the other fellow wanted and consequently went after nothing but each other.

I have it on the best assurances of the friends of Delegate Kuhio that the Governor is the one to blame. Just what the Governor thinks about it his friends haven't yet found out, but the janitor of the Capitol handed me a torn envelope which he may have taken out of somebody's wastepaper basket. On it were some jotted-down figures and the following words: "What is he hanging around Honolulu for?"

If the criminologist of the city was not now so busy carrying medicines up Mauna Kea, I would turn the scrap over to him to find out whether the question bore any relation to the Delegate and the rest of the Wyoming branch of congress. But the defective in question has his own troubles these days, troubles that show even through the mask he wears. He takes no one into his confidence, but I heard him murmur, as his foot slipped the other night: "It's a long Lane case that has no squirming."

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My friend Doctor Osler, he, who achieved fame by cutting short the allotted span of life by recommending chloroform at fifty, puts one over on the antivaccinationists in a recent magazine article. Osler is past his own chloroform stage, but is not too old for a grim joke on those who refuse to credit compulsory vaccination with the decrease in the smallpox death rate. This is what he writes:

Here I would like to say a word or two upon one of the most terrible of all acute infections, the one of which we first learned the control through the work of Jenner. A great deal of literature has been distributed casting discredit upon the value of vaccination in the prevention of smallpox. I do not see how anyone who has gone through epidemics as I have, or who is familiar with the history of the subject, and who has any capacity left for clear judgment, can doubt its value. Some months ago I was twitted by the editor of the Journal of the Antivaccination League for "a curious silence" on this subject. I would like to issue a Mount Carmel-like challenge to any ten unvaccinated priests of Baal. I will go into the next severe epidemic with ten selected vaccinated persons and ten selected unvaccinated persons. I should prefer to choose the latter—three members of parliament, three antivaccination doctors, if they could be found, and four antivaccination propagandists. And I will make this promise—neither to jeer nor to gibe when they catch the disease, but to look after them as brothers, and for the four or five who are certain to die I will try to arrange the funerals with all the pomp and ceremony of an antivaccination demonstration.

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Without desiring to get my feet wet by paddling in any of John McCrossen's irrigation ditches, or getting my fingers burned by sticking them into any of his drain schemes, be they what they may, I am wondering a little if the old remark about the man who made two blades of grass grow where only one grew before has not been repeated without my noticing it by Mayor Fern. The suggestion that it had, came after reading an editorial in one of Honolulu's papers, which concluded with these words:

The McCrossen Bill is wrong in principle. It should be killed on sight.

Now, I don't intend to undertake any solution of the question as to whether the Rain Ditch bill in its general lines is too broad or too narrow, or whether Governor Fern should have submitted it to Charley Rice before he O. K.'d it, or not, or whether any of the little rain should be made to step dishing Hilo Bay, but it seems rather funny that any measure that purports making and land arable should be "killed on sight." Surely there is some way that developing a country might be encouraged.

As I understand the situation, McCrossen wants to raise surplus water and put it on useless land. He probably expects to make something out of his work, which, I will admit, is quite different from the usual run of things in Hawaii, but, after all, considering that the rain falls on the just as well as the unjust, and that he is willing to find three million dollars to make it go where at present there is neither just nor unjust, I think it would be altogether too Aylettlike to "kill the bill" without at least a second look.

Of course, as Atkinson might say, I may have been bribed to say this, but, even at three dollars a column, isn't there something to it?

"Do your daughters help their mother with the housework?" "We wouldn't think of expecting it. Muriel is temperamental and Zara is intense."—Pittsburg Post.

SIDELIGHTS

THE LABOR PROBLEM.

While newspaper men were, in the interests of decency, righteousness and truth, rightfully excluded from the meeting where Daniel J. Immigration Keefe did some talking, still were some facts concerning the affair learned. Perhaps I should say that facts were learned on account of the exclusion.

My information is what the lawyers call hearsay. The dozen thousand-a-year manager of the concern for which my twenty-five hundred-a-year husband labors told him, in an unusual burst of confidence, what took place. Acting under the influence of a rather good dinner, where the piece de resistance was a favorite dish of his, my boss got uncommonly communicative, and imparted unto me what his boss had told him.

It was a representative meeting. Commissioner Brown looked after that The Governor, arrayed after the fashion prescribed by "What Men Wear" was there. William Owen Smith was there. Stevedore Charlie Bon quit his cargo-lading duties and attended. Norman Watkins postponed the completion of the draft of a bill to compel every landholder to purchase fertilizer, in order that he might attend. Ed. Tenney quit in the middle of figuring on damages in condemnation proceedings so that he might meet Dan. Stackable and Breckons permitted opium to be landed for the same reason. Joe Cooke neglected politics and the Maui mail to help along the good work. Jack—there are but two of them, and Seully was not invited—hung up a sign on his law office reading, "Back sometime," and looked in. Brewer & Co., per Bishop, and our British cousins, Davies & Co., through Wodehouse, were represented. Russia presented Lightfoot, and Germany Hedemann. "Others" also were there.

The Governor opened the ball, and talked for half an hour in his usual communicative style. Tenney followed with a talk on the trials and tribulations of the planters, plainly demonstrating that a rich man's heavenly trip is a joy ride alongside of a plantation manager's search for labor. Faxon Bishop had some things to say and said them. W. O. Smith talked, governor-like, for half an hour. Jack, scenting the cold weather to come, told of the cold weather in Russia. Lightfoot put up a talk which showed clearly that he had been properly "called" to the pulpit once upon a time. Cooke and Breckons thought it was getting late and refused to unfold.

And then Keefe talked. I couldn't quite understand all my domestic informant told me his business informant told him Keefe said. But whatever it was did not improve the appetites of the bunch for lunch. A threat is defined by the dictionary in several ways. If signing the pledge as to bigger wages and decrease in plantation store prices becomes a favorite pastime, the labor problem is solved; if not, pilikia. One of the definitions in my "Standard" of the word mentioned fits exactly.

The Territory must be Americanized. The Filipinos can not accomplish the desired result. Keep bringing them in as laborers, and again pilikia. And once more did the remark fit the dictionary definition of the word.

The Islands must have diversified industries. If the government land is to be leased solely for the production of sugar, more pilikia, and thrice is the dictionary useful.

Statehood? Yes, when we show our right to it. Twenty-four dollars a month and two per cent per month dividends and ten per cent white population doesn't entitle us to it. Look up your dictionary a fourth time. Perhaps you might use the same volume to find out what "implied" means when it immediately precedes the word "threat." If you can not understand the remarks by resort to that word look up the word "direct."

And the commissioner, at the conclusion of his remarks, stated, in dismissing the ten-hour-a-day business, that he liked the people in his office who arrived at nine o'clock and forgot when half-past four arrived if work was to be done. And one of the audience suggested that the meeting should be pau because the twelve o'clock whistle was blowing. Whether the commissioner considered this as a rebuke or not my husband did not know.

It is hoped that when Mr. Keefe comes back here he will follow the methods of the Chinese, and have the meeting at Aala Park, where everything may be heard.

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REAL ESTATE TITLES.

I must frankly admit that I know little about real estate and the law governing the title thereto. My experience has been limited to the signing of a mortgage on a lot at Kaimuki, the purchase of which my husband in his few optimistic moments predicts will eventually make us wealthy.

But I did learn something about titles the other day, and, in my eagerness to benefit all of the people, hasten to impart my information. It is certainly worth knowing, and perhaps the knowledge thereof will enable you to extend the boundaries of your land, or perhaps to prevent your next-door neighbor from extending his at your expense.

About four months ago a young lady friend of mine then residing at Sioux City, Iowa, wrote me that she would like very much to come to Honolulu permanently. I knew her to be an expert stenographer and a clever girl from a business standpoint. I learned that there was an opening for one of her qualifications with one of the leading trust companies of the city, and wrote her accordingly. She arrived and got the job. Part of her work was in the abstract department of the concern. She told me that her experience in that department had taught her many curious things about land titles in Hawaii. She had made a copy of some of the land descriptions, and gave it to me.

The location and description of nearly every piece and parcel of land in Honolulu may be ascertained by commencing at the north corner of a lot, and then following designated courses. This, my friend informed me, looked easy to her at first, until she tried to find out where the north corner was. Further search in Registrar Merriam's office disclosed the fact that the north corner of the lot butted up against the east corner of another lot. That appeared to straighten out the difficulty, until she tried to find out where the east corner of the other lot was. She discovered what she was looking for, for the east corner of the second named lot, according to the record, adjoined the north corner of the first named lot. In reality, the only definite thing that could be obtained from the description was that the lot was in the Kona district on the Island of Oahu.

The location of fences appears to have been, in the early years, a favorite method of keeping track of where you lived. In the days when Mark Twain was here and rode his famous steed Oahu, down towards Diamond Head, I doubt not but that some of the people accompanying him indicated their domains by pointing out fences. Fences are not everlasting and the Iowa girl told me of her despair in figuring out a clear title where the description read, "700 feet to the bottom rail of a wooden fence."

Cocoanut trees live a long while, and may be readily identified as cocoanut trees. But when a good lively Kona comes along, once in a while they blow down. If your title to your kuleana rests upon a description, as many of them do, to the land extending to the first cocoanut tree along the beach, and no kindly storm has helped you out, get an ax some night and cut down the first tree. You will have increased your real estate by the distance between that and the next tree, because the remaining one will be the first one and fit the description.

Streams are all right, but occasionally they do change their course, and occasionally dry up. And if the supervisors' financial statements may be relied upon, bridges wear out and have to be reconstructed. Yet many a piece of land can be identified only by reference to the edge of the stream or the north end of the bridge. To these descriptions there may be a whole lot of stuff about roads and rhinos and other things we used to learn at school, and which, of course, all of us have forgotten. But the bridge is there, and the stream may be there, and by them must you locate yourself.

One old native in Kapalama lives on land, the north corner of which, some fifty odd years ago, was a post hole near the south side of King street. The Hawaiians are not avaricious, indeed entirely too generous. Were I the old man, however, I would see to it that the post hole designated should be taken up and moved some night, and then commence an action in Weaver's creation, the court of land registration, to quiet title, seeing to it likewise at the same time that the new location did not diminish my possessions.

Many of the old titles were in some respects decidedly particular as to beneficiaries. One woman, by her will, insisted that all of her land should go to her "own" husband. If anybody else's husband had any claim, the language of the will would cut him out. One man deeded his property to his "married" wife. No ingenuity of learned counsel was to be permitted to secure the land for an unmarried wife. In one of the quotations a man and his wife deeded their property to their "own" children. Again was particularity secured.

And, says my friend, Uncle Sam doesn't like the titles and believes that the newspapers need assistance by the publication of advertisements in condemnation proceedings. In these proceedings, the sure fences and streams and bridges and cocoanut trees are ignored, and something called an admetu relied on, and Mary Purple, and Jane Blue and John Black and James Green and a

(Continued on Page Five.)